It Was Only a Dream, Scarsdale Was Told by His Chinese Friend After the Great Crisis Passed

CHINAMAN'S HOUSE

first—the oriental memory is camps of the north.

Leng and any one who has lived Yet somewhere among its ruinous Mong and any one who has lived out west can tell the look of a channes is house. As every one knows, white men's houses are often poor, furtive, unpainted; and an unpainted frame house is like a pair of shoes the five notebooks.

Yet somewhere among its ruinous who twick might chance," said Rand. "Your kind never linger. Through those silent streets, past those forsaken homes, Scarsdale with the five notebooks.

RAND dropped behind. Scarsdale, went on. He had to take that the five notebooks. frame house is like a pair of shoes the five notebooks.
run down at the heel. But there comes It was as if death went walking a certain look to a Chinaman's house through a dead town. which is difficult to describe. It is as if, instead of looking out on life with its windows, it looked inward. A blind, secret look.

Sam Chone's was the very first house.

The tracks led him to a building.

Sam Chong's was the very first house which seemed to have put up a losin Lawes, and the very first time Scarsdale saw it he knew it for a Chinaall around it.

ocally as the Mounties. It was while thread of smoke drifted.

screened with dirty gray stuff. The had once been a bar. Through the door was shut, and looked as if it were window Scarsdale stared. rarely opened. Over the door a shingle ! tuck out with "Sam Chong Laundry" straggled out on stilts over the plung- He dozed in a chair by the stove. ing waters of the Wayamous, for the house was built on the river bank.

Scarsdale was riding at the rear, half-asleep. O'Higgins and Barrett were opposite the door, but they were looking in another direction. It was Scarsdale who saw this door suddenly open and something, a bubble of dazzling color, come bounding and rolling out to the very hoofs of Barrett's

Scarsdale let out a yell and launched his own mount forward. He was along-side in two leaps. He leaned from the saddle and caught that bouncing bubble from the ground as if he were doing stunts at a fall fair. It all hapexamine the thing he had rescued, books. He turned away from the which continued to bounce, and now gursied besides. He was aware that he held the person of a very little and He did not know what good that very fat Chinese baby girl.

white man.

delighted Scarsdale.

THEY rode back to the house with force. her. And Sam Chong, who must have seen what happened, ran out to deserted him; but somehow there was a universal language in the quick

a Chinaman's house for the first time. Sam Chong, flapping in old slippers, set before Scarsdale some queer looking stuff in a cracked tumbler. The trooper drank mechanically, looking about him. He was disappointed. He had expected, being young, some that had expected, being young, some the had expected, being young, some of ordered power and stopped in the start of the content and stopped in the dark. The two conditions muth. While he choked on the dark. The two condent figures a yard of the motionless thing under the back room, and he took it mints his lips, a tiny pellet slipped that the dark. The two condent figures a yard of the confederate government into his mouth. While he choked on the dark. The two condent figures a yard of the motionless thing under the back room, and he took it mits mouth. While he choked on the dark. The two condent figures a yard of the motionless thing under the back room, and he took it upon irrigation and it has been withing the cracked tumbler. Was there was leveled. He was withing the cord on the dark. The two condent figures a yard of the motionless thing under the back room, and he took it upon irrigation and it has been with grown of the hungry grin. Scarsdale's life hung on his hesitation.

Scarsdale's life was disappointed. Was treading almost in his wavering worked at his lips, a tiny pellet slipped tracks, grinning—always with that the dark. The two cone step into the room. The two cone in the back room, and he took it was there. Was there was leveled. He was within the dark. The two cone on the back room, and he took it was there was leveled. He was within the dark. The two cone in the dark. The two cone in the dark. The two cone on the back room, and he took it was there. Was there was leveled. He was within the dark of the Confederate government into his mouth. While he choked on the dark. The two cone in the dar He had expected, being young, some add, "I've seen nothing but you for touch of oriental mystery inside to the last month," confusing Rand with balance the bleak exterior of the that other presence, Death, which shabby and bare. Through a narrow opening he could see three more rooms, opening one behind the other. The last room stuck out over the river. Evidently it served for the laundry; and in it a thin fellow countryman of Sam Chong was bending over a solitary tub, his bare yellow arms shining like brass in the steam. As Scarsdale watched he lifted the tub, carried it to the middle of the room and pressed the floor with his foot. A trap opened. Suddenly Scarsdale heard a trifle more clearly the running of the river. The Chinaman tilted the contents of the tub into the opening, then he released the trap, which sprang back noise-

his gray house. But he sent a shirt the laundry. It came back beautifully washed and ironed and there was no charge. Then for a moment one, did you, Scarsdale?" Scarsdale recalled Sam Chong and marveled at his long memory. Soon the man and the incident he brought to mind passed once more. But he was not done with Sam Chong and his memory. * * * *

THE third time Scarsdale came into Lawes it was winter. He came in from the north, after such suffering as it is given few men to know. For River tragedy.

of five who had set out, and he was five years in jail! Do you remember almost dying on his feet when he what I said I'd do when I came out?"

that there were five little notebooks right authorities. Those books held the fruit of the expedition to Coot River; without them the work fallen, all of them, with their faces ter of the subarctio plains-would be

HERE are two things to be said was only another added to the corpse-

Scarsdale first met Sam Chong.

It was thunder-weather and drought, and the patrol clattered wearily down a track hard-baked as metal. The hills were gray in the heat. The lone house was gray, too. It had three windows, too. It had three windows, too. It had three windows, and the passage opening upon what was gray, too. It had three windows, the passage opening upon what in this passage opening upon what in this passage opening upon what in this passage. Through the

There were two men there.
One was Adams, the fat half-breed for the front. The back premises keeper of the poolroom years ago.

ruinous bar and drinking from a cracked tumbler. At the very moment Scarsdale's face appeared at the window in the wall this man glanced up and caught sight of him. And to Scarsdale it was as if death himself had looked

up and recognized him.

They remained like that for a moment, looking at each other; then the man put down his glass without taking his eyes off Scarsdale and be-gan to grin. No one but Melsome Rand could grin like that.

Scarsdale hesitated just an instant. pened in an instant. His rush carried him ahead. His horse gave him some trouble. Then he was at leisure to He did not in the least care whether

would do. Melsome Rand would sim-He rode back to the others, laugh- ply follow him at his leisure. But The lady laughed, too, and there was just a chance to save the bounced. She was slippery as soap to hold, for she was dressed in jacket and trousers of highly glazed blue slik, worked with mauve butterflies.

notebooks. Just a chance that there might be some other man left in and trousers of highly glazed blue slik, worked with mauve butterflies. Her face was waxily perfect as tube- There might even be some one who Her face was want, person of her long rose, and from the corners of her long would give Scarsdale a hot drink, eyes she twinkled coquettishly at the bend his hands around the gun he couldn't raise, lodge the barrel on a at the little flirt!" cried the window ledge, and so enable him to put up some sort of a fight with Melsome Rand—for the credit of the

have seen what happened, ran out to meet them, in ragged singlet and blue SCARSDALE dragged on, looking for such a man. He was surmeet them, in ragged singlet and blue overalls, fresh from the washtub. He clawed at Scarsdale's knee, and his yellow hands, sodden and shaking, snatched the child. His English had snatched the child. Scarsdale thought to himself. "What Lawes were black, haggard squares.

for help, but the sergeant was watching the Chinaman and only said, "Go did not see Rand, though he knew no can get out."

New as there, somewhere behind. But the large of the come in the was there, somewhere behind. But the large of the come in the was there, somewhere behind. But the large of the come in the was there, somewhere behind. But the large of the come in the was there, somewhere behind. But the large of the come in the was there, somewhere behind. But the large of the come in the was there, somewhere behind. But the large of the come in the was there, somewhere behind. But the come in the come in the was there, so the come in the com r help, but the stide of the Chinaman and only said, "Go did not see Annual to the Chinaman and only said, "Go he was there, somewhere behind. But the hands forced him down again for you.

So Scarsdale dismounted and entered again, when he looked around, Rand among the quilts, long-nailed fingers was treading almost in his wavering worked at his lips, a tiny pellet slipped sharp scratch like a match striking. Rand came one step into the room.

house. But the room he was in was dwelt in Lawes, but it was a long

sentence, and he gave it up. Death-or Melsome Rand-came a step nearer. He said, "You surprised to see me here, Scarsdale?

"No," said Scarsdale dully. "I don't know that I am." Rand's presence-Death's presence-seemed quite reasonable at that time and in that place. But the surviving sanity of Scarsdale could wonder at it as a deliberate trap of destiny.

Rand's slow, hungry eyes devoured Scarsdale's appearance with an avid satisfaction. He said softly, "Only four men to welcome you to Lawes, Scarsdale, and one of 'em's me! Ain't that queer? Wouldn't that get you, Scarsdale put down the Scarsdale! Just the four of us left cracked tumbler; he was conscious in Lawes. If you count two Chinks of a thin burning along his veins. Sam Chong said, "You velly good fools said was worked out, but that feller. I not forget you." Scarsdale we know's there yet, somewheres by nodded, went out, mounted, rode after the Wayamous.

"We'll find it soon, and then we'll the others, and soon forgot the whole be rich men, and the old Chink can He returned to Lawes a few weeks send that daughter o' his that he later, a corporal in charge of two keeps so close no white man's ever troopers, searching for reluctant wit- seen her since she grew up, he can nesses in a murder case. The busi- send her to make a big marriage in ness occupied him a week, and he Frisco. Rich men, Scarsdale, me and had quite forgotten Sam Chong and Adams and the two Chinks. You never thought that time you followed me 300 miles that I'd live to be a free, rich man when you was a dead

"For the last fifty of that 300 miles. Scarsdale," Melsome Rand purred, "I was pretty near as bad as you are now. You hunted me till I was dyin' on my feet."

"I got you in the end," said Scarsdale, staggering in the snow.

"Well, it's my turn new. You're pretty near the end, too, ain't you? Oh, yes, I know. But I ain't goin' to he was the last survivor of the Coot hurry it! You kept me goin' a week after I was used up. I'll keep you Scarsdale was the only one left out goin' as long as I can. You got me

Scarsdale managed to mutter For eight or nine days he had, as "Shoot me on sight." For a momen It were, lived on the consciousness he forgot the notebooks. He cried passionately, "Why don't you do it? in his pack which must be forwarded I can't even raise my gun! Do it and

Melsome Rand grinned. "Not yet. Scarsdale. It wouldn't be square. of Scarsdale and his dead comrades, Every minute of that last week you hunted me was a livin' death. I'm -that pitiless foe, the win- goin' to give you a taste of the same. You go on, Scarsdale. You go anywheres in all Lawes. You do what In the years he had been away you like. But, far or near, I'll follow Lawes had all but dwindled and died. you as you did me. And I'll get you, The ere which had been its blood had wakin' or sleepin, fightin' or prayin', Then, in the dark, a silver square failed. The block little settlement as you got me in the end."

shadow of a chance, for the sake Rand following him, ready to shoot him when he failed finally, but not | before. He went right on through Lawes, street by street, looking for

dale saw it he knew it for a Chinaman's.

That was some years back, and
Lawes was then a flourishing mining
camp, unfortunately named, unless in
irony. It occupied a good deal of the
attention of that famous force known
attention of that famous force known
thread of smoke drifted.

He was nair bling and his brian
was thundering with great throbs
story had fallen into the street; its
and crashes of sound. At first he
thought it was all in his head. All
and there; but from a stovepipe
at once he realized there was a solithrust out of a hole in the wall a
thread of smoke drifted.

He remembered then the river, the He was half blind and his brain locally as the Mounties. It was while started of smoke drifted.

Scarsdale dragged himself to the Wayamous, too swift to freeze. And door. He managed to open it, though that remembrance brought with it

It was the glate of moonlight on the snowy plain beyond Lawes.

This glare was broken by one dark-ness, the last house in Lawes, the last approaching from the north, the first from the south. And in the darkness he saw, infinitely mocked and duplicated The other man was standing at the by his sick eyes a line of light; light shining through a cracked shingle. Scarsdale dragged himself to the door of this house and pressed on it with both hands. It yielded. He pitched forward into black darkness. warmth, and a faintly familiar smell.

that returned and gave him his

memory of what followed.

He was aware of light and of two faces; yellow faces. Then the light vanished. He heard the sound of his own voice, talking desperately. He knew he was telling some one, whom he could not see, all about Rand, and Death, and the little books. Then his own voice flicked out like the light
Some one said, "all light," and a hand pressed on his chest. He lay back half-buried in some warm, fusty stuff; he knew then, by the agony, that his boots had been cut off and that he was freed of the pack-straps which had eaten ulcers in his flesh. A cun was held to his lips and he drank a thin, heady stuff that tingled along his veins. He lay still. He was too weak to move. Beside him, in the dense, stifling dark, two people whispered guitturally. And the dark, the fusty quilts, the walls about him, all shook and rumbled to the rush of flowing water near at hand.

They fed him a sweet cake with little bits of pork in it. Scarsdale had strength enough then to say, to the unseen people who whimpered in the dark: 'Hide the books before he comes.'

"All light! All light!"
"I tell you he's coming, and you can't Scarsdale thought to himself, "What

THE little speck of opium acted instantly and curiously on Scarsdale's

weakened system. In a moment he was miles away, leagues, ages, immeasurable distances log in that dark room among the stale slipping ornaments into her hair.

SCARSDALE STEADIED HIMSELF BEFORE AN IMMENSE WHITE GLARE. deserted him; but somehow there was a universal language in the quick a universal language in the quick as if each one of them were black, haggard squares. Chinese in which Sam Chong was as-classed in the-because he had suring Scardale that-because he had been for the suring Scardale that-because he had been for the suring Scardale that-because he had been for the suring Scardale that-because he had suring Scardale that the suring in the suring scardal that-because he had suring Scardale that the suring in the suring Scardale that the people could all suring the people could all suring the suring Scardale that the people could all suring the suring Scardale that the people could were so large that the people could help the feet that the people could were so large that the people could all suncing the people could were so large that the people could were so large that the people could were so large that the people could all suncing the people could were so large that the people could were so large that the people could all

the room over the river, some one lighted a lamp.

TOLOR gleamed suddenly on the away from the body that lay like a ting on the floor in front of a mirror, quilts. From the end of these vistas of She was a Chinese girl, and very know if she's free of him or not." young. Sometimes the yellow races tures unfold one by one like flowers in reveal types of a grace so strange, a Scarsdale's mind like tiny specks of

distant voice ticked in his brain: "If Rand sees that body of yours, that the end. He hesitated thing under their yellow hands, he'll roaring of the Wayamous, but in Mamphis Millidgeville Mobile. Nash-tion may be made of the latest con-COLOR gleamed suddenly on the shoot it. And then you'll never get face of the stifling dark, like a back. The report will never go in, flower unfolding. A girl was sit- and Dene's mother will never know fusty dark. The two men squatting what became of him, and that scamp beside him turned their heads to Ga., sell at \$6 to \$100. Everald's wife will maybe never watch Melsome Rand.

Scarsdale knew it. A minute and showed dark and strong against the Athens, Ga.; Atlanta, Baton Rouge, with water. Reference may be made

Rand gave a wondering laugh that was half an oath. And suddenly, cent, \$700; Macon two-cent, \$520, and at the sound, homely and almost Memphis pair of five-cent, \$60. Of riendly in those alien surroundings the obscure towns some of the prices though it came from an' enemy Scarsdale was united with his body again, and struggling furiously.

itude would take. And the white Franklin, N. C., \$800, and so on through a long list of little known was there to kill him.

These stamps are using the sta cried out, in warning to Melsome out. Lastly there are the regular mum height that great waves Rand, come to murder him, yet a United States issues beginning with hear answered in at least a semiman of his race. But his lips barely

The officers of the American Phila telle Society for the past year are: President, C. Frederic Heyerman, Deroit; board of vice presidents, W. W. Maclaren, Otto F. Moses and J. A Harris, jr., Cleveland; secretary, Dr. Holland A. Davis, Denver; treasurer Howard H. Elliott, Winchendon Mass.; international secretary, Eugene Klein, Philadelphia; directors at large, H. B. Phillips, Berkeley, Calif., and

The convention committees are: Representing the American Philatelic ociety-Arrangements, Howard (Beck, chairman; credentials, P. M. Wol sieffer, chairman. Representing Wash ngton philatelists-General chairman Harry B. Mason; secretary, James F. Duhamel; treasurer, Henry Hammel

the alien-smelling silk that | Scarsdale whispered: "When Rand muffled his mouth. Rand was walk-ing slowly through the second room now. And in the last room the girl

on her perfect face, she waited for Rand with a faint smile. "Angel or woman," breathed Rand Rand entered the third room, and boards. He looked back at the kindly carsdale would have cried out for

he could see that he was walking on into the last room.

Some one drew up the silk swiftly and covered Scarsdale's eyes.

But he had seen. He had seen the But he had seen. He had seen the slip, the stumble, the upthrown arms, the flash of darkness that was a falling body, the flash of white that was a staring face. He had heard for one instant through the open trap, the roar of the running river, louder and clearer. Then the trap swung back into place. The Chinese girl leaned forward and bless the control of the sound of the Warner was still very weak. The big men, packing him into the dog-sled, questioned him carefully. But Scarsdale's chief anxiety seemed to be to get out of the sound of the Warner was and bless the still very weak. The big men, packing him into the dog-sled, questioned him carefully. But Scarsdale's the sound of the Warner was still very weak. The big men, packing him into the dog-sled, questioned him carefully. But Scarsdale's the sound of the weak. leaned forward and blew the lamp out. Grotesque and implacable, Sam hong's gratitude was complete.

For Scarsdale that darkness lasted our days. Then he opened his eyes on daylight. For a minute or two he he was lying in a heap of fusty, soiled quilts in a gray, unkempt oom, while an oldish Chinaman squatted beside him, feeding him bits sour beef with his fingers. But the room and the Chinaman were both vaguely familiar. Then Scarsdale remembered and shuddered.

"Sam Chong," he whispered.
The Chinaman smiled. He said Wayamous fell away behind. ently, "You fliend of mine."

"You dleaming. No one come "But I saw him, when he fel!

BY M. L. C. PICKTHALL.

Who Makes Sam Chong of Lawes

an Unusual Character

had dropped her hands. They rested on her knees. Her head a little through the trap in the floor."

Thrown back, the golden lamp-light "You dleaming." Sam Chong "You dleaming." Sam Chong smiled.
"You sick and have dleams. No one

come. That loom shut up now." the last room was blocked up with inscrutable, yellow face.
"Didn't I see?" he whispered.

"Only dleams."

THAT was all Scarsdale ever knew of the sound of the Wayamous.

"The old Chinaman's been a good friend to you," said some one. shiver. "But you weren't too comfortable

I guess, in a Chinaman's house "No." said Scarsdale. "You havedreams there.

He looked back as the sleds turned. Desolate, furtive, inscrutable, he saw the unpainted shingle over the door and the back premises built over the river. Then the dogs plunged into the traces and the thunder of the

Stamp Collectors Meet In Capital This Week

The Boscawen stamp, of which only J. Raymond Forney. Entertainment ne copy is known to exist, was ought last year for about \$12,000, Gichener, W. H. Collins, John T. and the Lockport for \$8.500.

greatest quantities and are consepockets of some of the advanced collectors, the New Yorks selling for about \$50 and the 5 and 10 cent St. Louis selling for about \$200.

that the great mass of collectors ignore, and well they might, because there are so few stamps of this class for the million stamp collectors America is said to harbor. before the days of our regular carrier system it became the custom of various local postmasters to receive the national mail at an authorized ost office, and charge the addresse about a cent for delivering the mail

tween the color and the light, unconscious and significant as a goddess in a shrine.

Scarsdale, remote and unconcerned, watched curiously.

Melsome Rand stood quite still in the dark, allow that seemed directed toward Melsome the dark. The two crouched figures are the confederate government the dark. The two crouched figures are the confederate government issues of the Confeder

Memphis, Millidgeville, Mobile, Nash-At the recent Ferrari sale a variety of the Athens sold for some \$200, and

a Baton Rouge for \$450; Fredericksobtained were: Beaumont, Tex., a poor copy for \$40; Bridgeville, Ala., He knew now what form the grat-ude would take. And the white through a long list of little knows He thought he struggled, But his towns.

These stamps are being discovered

the 5 and 10 cent denominations of 1847 and increased in 1851 by the 1, 3, 12, 24, 30 and 90 cent denominations. These stamps are all rare and the higher denominations bring high prices, as do similar stamps of 1867, 861, 1867, 1869 and 1870 and also many of the departmental stamps

J. Brace Chittenden, New York city

Subcommittees: Finance - Howar Beck. Reception-William A. John son, chairman; Maj. Gen. John L. Clem and James F. Duhamel, vice chairmen; William J. Allen, O. L. Bal-lard, W. H. Boatright, George H. Burflend, Andrew A. Candell, John T Clemens, W. Hayden Collins, Hamilton F. Coleman, Albert T. Coumbe, jr. William R. Cupp, Ralph Daskam Harry F. Dunkhorst, Fred S. Gichener Albert E. Gorham, Henry Hammel nan, Elmer D. Harris, James H. Houston, T. Russell Hungerford, R. E. Ingersoll, Ernest Kletsch, Arthur M. cFadden, Harold H. Marsh, Georg Martin, William Sahm, Dr. Melville Ekinnen John D. K. Smoot, John drawing it up with a piece of strings

(Continued from First Page.)

W. Thompson, Charles H. Vaughn,
Vlademar Weiergang, John C. Wilson,
Herbert P. Yeaton, Publicity—James F. Duhamel, chairman; Henry Orth.

Clements. Badges and tickets-H. F It is obvious that the New York and Dunkhorst. Registration—H. F. Colman, W. J. Allen, T. R. Hungerford, Henry Hammelman. Ladies' entertainment-Mrs. H. F. Dunkhorst, chairman; Mrs. H. C. Beck, Mrs. W. A. Johnson, Mrs. H. B. Mason, Mrs. J. R. Forney, Mrs. W. I. Glover, Mrs. C. E. Hartigan and Miss Sara L. Young. Ail business sessions will be held in

Another or second very rare class of the ballroom of the Shoreham. The United States stamps includes those program for Monday is: 8 p.m., reception in ballroom, Shoreham, tendered by the Washington Philatelic Society to the officers and members of the American Philatelic Society and their friends: 9 p.m., lecture by Howard C. Beck, on "Early American Stamped Paper." In connection with this lecture there will be on exhibit during the convention copies of stamp acts and several interesting volumes relating thereto and many specimens of stamped paper

from Mr. Beck's collection. On Tuesday at 1130 p.m. there will

tion may be made of the latest conclusion as to the source of the Nile floods. The observations of Lyons have finally demonstrated that the rains falling in the immense basin of the White Nile are of no importance to Egypt.

From June to August the Nile rises and afterward sinks until once more the floods come down in the Blue Nile from Abyssinia. Egypt is simply an irrigated valley 780 miles long apart from the delta, which is 100 miles long, this valley is nowhere

Size of Sea Waves.

GAIN the question of the maximum height that great waves been answered in at least a semiscientific manner. The hydrographic office here in Washington has been at the pains to compare many of the most trustworthy observations on record relating to waves on the Atlantic. The conclusion arrived at is that, on the average, what are called "great waves" attain a height of about twenty-nine and one-half feet. In tempests of extreme fury waves sometimes attain a height as great as forty-seven and one-half feet Such waves can hardly be called "mountainous." but to castaways in a small boat they would seem to be prodigiously high. The length of great waves, that is, the distance of from one hollow to that before or behind it, varies from 600 to 2,600

The Clocks We Wear.

THE three marks on the back of ing are due to similar circumstances, The glove mark corresponds to the fourchette pieces between the fingers. and in other days these pieces were ontinued along the back of the hand, braid being used to conceal the seams.

A somewhat similar origin is assigned to the ornamental clock on the stocking. In the day when stock-ings were made of cloth the seams occurred where the clocks do now. the ornamentation then being used to conceal the seams. The useless little bow in the

leather band lining a man's hat is a survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather,

of silk and their yellow hands. They waited. opened suddenly. The door had

Two men squatted, perfectly still and Their hands rested on it to hold it stil blue silk worked with mauve butterflie Scarsdale thought, over his mouth; but how could he tell in the dark? He could not see their faces in the blackness, although the strip of silk did not cover his eyes. In his drugged, erratic vision he could see nothing but the bit



RAND TOOK ONE STEP TOWARD THE BACK ROOM. HE HESITATED, AND SCARSDALE'S LIFE HUNG ON HIS HESITATION.